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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America. Written by Charles Botta, Translated from the Italian, by George Alexander Otis. Vol. III. Philadelphia, 1821.

In the third number of the *Literary Gazette*, a review was given of the two first volumes of Mr. Otis's Botta. The third and concluding volume, has since been published. Its style of execution is similar to that of the preceding volumes. The fault we think of the present version, is in too close an adherence to the mere words of the original. Fidelity is undoubtedly the first duty of a translator, but it may consist perfectly with an exclusive use of the idiom of the language, into which, a foreign work is rendered. 'Translation,' says Dryden, 'is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole.' Had Mr. Otis allowed himself somewhat more license, had he drawn deeper from the wells of our language, he might have made his volumes more attractive, without necessarily deviating from the strictest interpretation of the original meaning. As it is, we can hardly apply to him those beautiful lines of Denham, in which he contrasted Fanshawe with other translators.

'They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.'

There are, however, we admit, greater faults than a too literal version of a foreign author. The opposite extreme is more dangerous, and of more frequent occurrence. Mr. Otis has rendered a considerable public service by his translation, and we sincerely hope his literary labours may not receive the recompense usually allotted in this country, to domestic productions.

Prefixed to the present volume, is a brief memoir of the author.

Charles Joseph William Botta, was born at St. George, province of Vercelli in Piedmont, in 1766. He studied medicine at the university of Turin, and was employed as physician to the army of the Alps; afterwards to that of Italy. About this time he composed an extensive work, containing a plan of government for Lombardy. Towards the close of 1798, he was sent to the islands of the Levant with the division detached thither by general Bonaparte.

On his return to Italy he published a description of the island of Corfu; and of the maladies prevalent there during his stay; 2 vols. 8vo.

In the year seven of the French Republic, (1799,) general Joubert appointed him member of the provisional government of Piedmont. This provisional government having been dissolved at the arrival of the commissioner Musset, Botta was appointed member of the administration of the department of the Po. At the epoch of the Austro-Russian invasion, he again took refuge in France. The minister of war, Bernadotte, re-appointed him physician of the army of the Alps; and after the battle of Marengo, the commander-in-chief of the army of reserve appointed him member of the *Consulta* of Piedmont.

At the commencement of 1801, he was member of the executive commission, and afterwards, of the council of general administration of the twenty-seventh military division. Botta likewise made part of the deputation which came to Paris in 1803, to present thanks to the government upon the definitive adjunction of Piedmont, and there published an historical sketch of the history of Savoy and Piedmont. Immediately after the union, he was elected member of the legislative body by the department of the Doura, the tenth of August, 1804. The twenty-eighth of October, 1808, he was created vice-president, and on the expiration of his term, was re-elected in 1809, and proposed the ninth of December, as candidate for the questorship. The emperor granted him soon after the decoration of the order of the Union.

The third of January, 1810, he presented to Bonaparte, in the name of the academy of sciences of Turin, the two last volumes of its memoirs. He adhered the third of April, 1814, to the deposition of Napoleon and his family. The eighth, he accepted the constitutional act which recalled the Bourbons to the throne of France, but he ceased to make part of the

legislative body on the separation of Piedmont. At the return of Bonaparte in 1815, he was appointed rector of the academy of Nanci, but lost this place after the second restoration of the king.

Besides the works already named, he has published,

1. At Turin, in 1801, an Italian translation of the work of Born, of which Broussonet had given to the public a French version, in 1784.

2. A memoir upon the doctrine of Brown, 1800, in 8vo.

3. Notes of a tour in Dalmatia, in 1812.

4. Memoir upon the nature of tones and sounds, read before the academy of Turin, and inserted (by extract) in the *Bibliothèque Italienne*, tome I. Turin, 1803, 8vo.

5. The history of the war of the independence of America, 1809, 4 vols. 8vo.

6. *Il Camillo. O Vejo conquistato*, (Camillos, or Veii conquered,) an epic poem in twelve cantos. Paris, 1816. This work has received high encomiums in the European journals. Botta has contributed some articles to the *Biographie Universelle*, among others, that of John Adams.

The translator is indebted for the preceding notice of Botta, to the complaisance of an estimable countryman and acquaintance of the historian.

The following passages are extracted, as exhibiting a fair specimen of the volume. The first relates to the situation of the country at the close of the year 1779.

The royal troops, in effect, had been much weakened in the first months of the year, by the detachments they were obliged to make to the West Indies and Georgia. But it almost always happens that the most propitious occasions are lost amidst the tumult of popular revolutions; wherein the government, as being new, shows itself the more feeble, as the opinions of individuals manifest themselves with less restraint, and greater violence; and public opinion, which can only originate from a settled order of things, as yet, has no basis. If sometimes success attend the enterprise, it must more frequently be imputed to chance than to calculation. Such was, at this epoch, the condition of the people of America. If in Georgia and Carolina some efforts were made to repel the enemy, it was principally the work of the militia of these two provinces, whose interest was then immediately at stake. The others folded their arms, or contented themselves with the adoption of spiritless measures. As if they considered themselves released from the ties of the

confederation, they made not their own cause of the danger that menaced the neighbouring provinces. Nor were the Americans chargeable only with lukewarmness, and this strange indifference to the fate of country; there also began to prevail amongst them a shameless thirst of gain, an unbridled desire of riches, no matter by what means acquired. The most illicit, the most disgraceful ways, were no less to this devouring passion. As it happens but too often in political revolutions, there had sprung up a race of men who sought to make their private advantage of the public distress. Dependence or independence, liberty or no liberty, were all one to them, provided they could fatten on the substance of the state. While good citizens were wasting themselves in camps, or in the discharge of the most arduous functions; while they were devoting to their country, their time, their estates, their very existence, these insatiable robbers were plundering, and sharing out, without a blush, the public fortune, and private fortunes. All private contracts became the object of their usurious interference and nefarious gains; all army supplies enriched them with peculations; and the state often paid dearly for what it never obtained. Nor let any imagine that the most sincere and virtuous friends of their country ever made so pompous a parade of their zeal! To hear these vile beings, they only were animated with a genuine and glowing patriotism. Every citizen of eminent rank, or invested with any public authority whatever, who refused to connive at their rapines was immediately denounced as lukewarm, tory, royalist, sold to England: it would seem that the first duty of those who governed the republic in times of such distress, was to fill the coffers of these flaming patriots. That their own praises should always have hung upon their lips is not to be wondered at; for there has never existed a robber, who had not been first a cheat, but what seems really strange, and almost staggers belief, is that they could have found partisans and dupes. This public pest spread wider every day; it had already gangrened the very heart of the state. The good were silenced, the corrupt plumed themselves upon their effrontery; every thing presaged an approaching ruin; it was the hope of England. Shall we attempt to penetrate the causes of so great a change, in a nation once so distinguished for the purity of its manners?

It will be found, that besides the general relaxation, which war too generally produces in the morals of the people, new governments, destitute of money, are constrained to procure it, and all their resources at the hands of usurers. The example is contagious: it rapidly obtains throughout the community. These same governments find themselves compelled by the force of circumstances to give the preference and yield much to individuals who adhere, or pretend to adhere to their party. They accept for security in the

most important transactions, a zeal for the public good, whether real or feigned. If it is necessary that they should welcome such sort of beings when they present themselves, they must, for the same reason, be tender in punishing when they detect them in delinquency. Briefly, in such an order of things, the man of worth, must, of necessity, make room for the man of naught. Not only unpunished, but tolerated, but employed, but encouraged, the species rapidly multiplies. Like pestilential bodies, whose bare contact infects those that are sound, vice soon poisons honesty in the hearts it can steal upon.

But one of the first and most operative causes of so deplorable a change in American morality, unquestionably lay in the depreciation of paper money. It was such at the commencement of this year, that eight dollars in bills could only command one in specie. The fall of this paper was daily accelerated, as well from the continual emissions by the Congress, as by the little efficacy of the French succours, and the disasters of Georgia. In the month of December, a dollar in specie could hardly be obtained with forty of paper.* Nor is there any thing surprising in this, when it is considered that independent of the dubious stability of the state, there was in the month of September, the sum of one hundred and fifty-nine millions, nine hundred and forty-eight thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two dollars of the paper of Congress in the thirteen United States. If to this mass be added the bills emitted by the particular provinces, it will readily be seen how immeasurably the aggregate amount of this sort of debt surpassed the resources of the new republic. The rapid declension of this currency is further accounted for by the extreme activity with which the loyalists and English employed themselves in counterfeiting it. There often arrived from England entire chests of those spurious bills, and so perfectly imitated that they were scarcely to be distinguished from the genuine. The British generals, and especially Clinton, though in reluctant obedience to the orders of the ministry, spared no pains in disseminating them throughout the continent. It cannot be doubted, but that the cabinet of St. James's considered this falsification of the bills of credit, as a most efficacious mean for the recovery of its colonies. The British ministers were perfectly aware that it was the only pecuniary resource at the disposal of Congress for the support of the war, and they calculated by draining it to disarm the Americans. Unquestionably it was neither the first time nor the last that this mode of making war has been resorted to; but it will always, nevertheless, be held in abhorrence by all good men. For public faith should always be respected even between ene-

* The cost of a simple repast, or a pair of shoes, was from forty to fifty dollars of this depreciated paper.

mies: and of all perfidies is there one more frightful, and especially more vile than the falsification of money? In addition to all this, the commerce which the Americans had been wont to carry on by means of their products, with England and other nations, was totally interrupted; and as their soil and industry furnished them with but a small part of the articles essential to war, they were under the necessity of procuring them from abroad, and with gold and silver. Hence it resulted that specie, which even before the war had become distressingly scarce, diminished progressively, and daily advanced in price, in the ratio of its rarity. The bills proportionably lost their value in public estimation. From their alarming depreciation it followed not only that all purses were closed, and that the markets, barely and with extreme difficulty supplied, became the object of the continual murmurs of the people, but even that the faith of contracts was violated, and that individual probity was every where relaxed. With little, debtors acquitted themselves of much towards their creditors. Very few, at first, resorted to this unworthy expedient; but as evil propagates itself more rapidly than good, a multitude of citizens stained themselves with the same reproach, and the contagion became general. Herein the faithless and avaricious debtor was no respecter of persons. Washington himself experienced this odious return from persons he had generously succoured in their necessities.

The distress of the times had likewise given birth to another race of men, who devoted themselves to the business of speculating upon the depreciation of bills, dexterously profiting of a temporary rise or fall: and these variations of current price depended much less on the more or less favourable posture of public affairs, than upon news invented and circulated by those jobbers, or their intrigues and monopolies. Useful arts, and the labours of a fair commerce, were abandoned for the more alluring chances of paper negotiations. The basest of men enriched themselves: the most estimable sunk into indigence. The finances of the state, the fortunes of individuals, experienced the same confusion. Nor was avarice the extent of the evil: the contagion of that pestiferous passion attacked the very source of every virtue. Private interest every where carried it against the interest of the public. A greater number than it is easy to believe, looked upon the love of country as a mere illusion, which held out no better prospect than ruin and desolation. Nobody would enlist without exorbitant bounty; nobody would contract to furnish the public supplies, none would supply the contractors, without enormous profits first lodged in their hands; none would accept of an office or magistracy without perfect assurance of a scandalous salary and illicit perquisites. The disorder, the depravation, were pushed to such a point, that perhaps never was the an-

cient adage more deplorably confirmed, that *there is no halting-place on the road of corruption.*

Our next extract describes the barbarous execution of colonel Hayne, an event which ought to excite at least, as much sensibility in our countrymen and countrywomen, as the death of the English Major Andre, on which so much mawkish sentiment has been expended.

The hot and sickly season being arrived it effected that which could not have been expected from the rage of men; hostilities ceased. It would seem that during this suspension of arms, civil hatreds were rekindled with increase of fury. The English especially, as if to revenge their defeats showed themselves more exasperated than the Americans. It was at this epoch that there passed a lamentable event, which excited to the highest degree the indignation of all America, and particularly of the Carolinas. Colonel Isaac Hayne had warmly espoused the cause of American Independence. During the siege of Charleston he had served in a volunteer corps of light horse. After the surrender of that city, Hayne, who was tenderly attached to his family, could not find in his heart to part with it in order to seek refuge in distant places against the tyranny of the victors. He knew that other American officers had obtained permission to return peaceably to their habitations, on giving their parole not to act against the interests of the king. He repaired therefore to Charleston, went to the British generals and constituted himself their prisoner of war. But knowing all the resources of his mind, and the authority he possessed among the inhabitants, they wished to have him entirely in their power, and refused to receive him in the character he was come to claim. They signified to him that he must acknowledge himself for a British subject, or submit to be detained in a rigorous captivity. This idea would not have intimidated colonel Hayne: but he could not endure that of being so long separated from his wife and children. He knew also that they were under the attack of small-pox: and soon after, in effect, the mother and two of the children became the victims of that cruel malady. Neither could he overlook that if he did not accede to what was exacted of him, an unbridled soldiery waited only the signal to sack and devastate his plantations.

In this distressing alternative the father, the husband triumphed in his breast: he consented to invest himself with the condition of a British subject. The only favour he demanded was, that he might not be constrained to bear arms against his party. This was solemnly promised him by the British general Patterson, and by Simcoe, superintendent of police of Charleston. But before taking this perilous resolution he had waited upon Doctor Ramsay, the same who afterwards wrote the histo-

ry of the American revolution, praying him to bear witness to the future that he by no means intended to abandon the cause of independence. As soon as he had signed the oath of allegiance, he had permission to return to his residence.

Meanwhile the war rekindled with new violence; and the Americans, hitherto beaten and dispersed, resumed the offensive with such vigour that the British generals were alarmed at their progress. Then, no longer regarding the promises which they had made to colonel Hayne, they intimated to him an order to take arms and march with them against the revolted republicans. He refused. The troops of Congress afterwards penetrated into the country: the inhabitants of his district rose and elected him for their chief. No longer considering himself bound to keep that faith which it appeared that others were not disposed to keep towards him, he yielded to the wish of his countrymen, and again took up those arms which he had laid down through necessity. He scoured the country in the vicinity of Charleston at the head of a corps of dragoons. But it was not long before he fell into an ambuscade laid for him by the British commanders. He was immediately conducted to the city, and thrust into a deep dungeon. Without form of trial, Lord Rawdon and colonel Balfour, the commandant of Charleston, condemned him to death. This sentence appeared to every one, as it was in reality, an act of barbarity. Even deserters are indulged with a regular trial, and find defenders: spies only are deprived of this privilege by the laws of war. Royalists and republicans all equally pitied the colonel, whose virtues they esteemed: they would fain have saved his life. They did not restrict themselves to mere wishes: a deputation of loyalists, having the governor in behalf of the king at their head, waited upon Lord Rawdon, and earnestly solicited him in favour of the condemned. The most distinguished ladies of Charleston united their prayers to the general recommendation that his pardon might be granted. His children, still of tender age, accompanied by their nearest relations, and wearing mourning for their mother, whom they had so recently lost, threw themselves at the feet of Rawdon, demanding with the most touching cries the life of their unhappy father. All the by-standers seconded with floods of tears the petition of these hapless orphans. Rawdon and Balfour obstinately refused to mitigate the rigour of their decision.

When about to be conducted to death, colonel Hayne called into his presence his eldest son, then thirteen years of age. He delivered him papers addressed to the Congress, then said to him: "Thou wilt come to the place of my execution; thou wilt receive my body, and cause it to be deposited in the tomb of our ancestors." Being arrived at the foot of the gibbet, he took leave in the most affecting manner of the friends who surrounded him, and armed

himself to his last moment with the firmness which had honoured his life. He was in the same degree, a man of worth, a tender father, a zealous patriot, and an intrepid soldier. If the tyranny of the prince, or the impatience of the people, render political revolutions sometimes inevitable, it is certainly much to be deplored that the first and principal victims of this scourge, should be, almost always, citizens the most worthy of general esteem and affection. After having taken this cruel vengeance of a man so universally respected, lord Rawdon left the capital of Carolina shaded with melancholy, and brooding terrible reprisals: he made sail for England. To this act of rigour on the part of the English generals, without doubt, may be applied the ancient adage: "An extreme justice is an extreme injury." But whatever may be thought of its justice, it must be admitted, that the English, in showing themselves so ruthless at a moment when their affairs were already in such declension, appeared much more eager to satiate the fury of a vanquished enemy than to accomplish an equitable law. The aversion of the Americans for their barbarous foes, acquired a new character of implacable animosity. The officers of the army of general Greene solicited him to use reprisals; declaring that they were ready to run all the risks that might ensue from it. He issued, in effect, a proclamation by which he threatened to retaliate the death of colonel Hayne upon the persons of the British officers that might fall into his hands. Thus to the evils inseparable from war, were joined the excesses produced by hatred and vengeance.

We conclude our extracts with the closing remarks of Mr. Botta.

Such was the issue of a contest which during the course of eight consecutive years, chained the attention of the universe, and drew the most powerful nations of Europe to take a share in it. It is worthy of the observer to investigate the causes which have concurred to the triumph of the Americans, and baffled the efforts of their enemies. In the first place, they had the good fortune not to encounter opposition from foreign nations, and even to find among them benevolence, countenance, and succours. These favourable dispositions, while they inspired them with more confidence in the justice of their cause, redoubled also their spirit and energy. To these considerations should be added the geographical position of their country, separated by vast seas from nations which keep on foot great standing armies, and defended on all other points by impenetrable forests, immense deserts and inaccessible mountains, and having in all this part no other enemy to fear except the Indian tribes, more capable of infesting and ravaging the frontiers than of making any permanent encroachments. One of the most powerful causes of the success of the American revolution, should, doubtless, be sought in the little

difference which existed between the form of government which they abandoned and that which they wished to establish. It was not from absolute, but from limited monarchy, that they passed to the freedom of an elective government. Moral things, with men, are subject to the same laws as physical; *the laws of all nature*. Total and sudden changes cannot take place without causing disasters or death.

The royal authority, tempered by the very nature of the government, and still enfeebled by distance, scarcely made itself perceptible in the British colonies. When the Americans had shaken it off entirely, they experienced no considerable change. Royalty alone was effaced; the administration remained the same, and the republic found itself established without shock. Such was the advantage enjoyed by the American insurgents, whereas the people of other countries, who should undertake to pass all at once from absolute monarchy to the republican scheme, would find themselves constrained to overturn not only monarchical institutions, but all others, in order to substitute new ones in their stead. But such a subversion cannot take place without doing violence to the opinions, usages, manners and customs of the greater number, nor even without grievously wounding their interests. Discontent propagates itself; democratic forms serve as the mere mask of royalty: the people discover that they have complained of imaginary evils; they eagerly embrace the first opportunity to measure back their steps, even to the very point which they started from.

Another material cause of the happy issue of this grand enterprise, will be seen in the circumspect and moderate conduct invariably pursued by that considerate and persevering people by whom it was achieved. Satisfied with having abolished royalty, they paused there, and discreetly continued to respect the ancient laws, which had survived the change. Thus they escaped the chagrin of having made their condition worse in attempting to improve it. They had the good sense to reflect that versatility in counsels degrades the noblest cause, chills its partisans, and multiplies its opponents. There will always be more alacrity in a career whose goal is fixed and apparent, than in that where it is concealed in obscurity. The Americans reared the tree, because they suffered it to grow; they gathered its fruit, because they allowed it to ripen. They were not seen to plume themselves on giving every day a new face to the state. Supporting evil with constancy, they never thought of imputing it to the defects of their institutions, nor to the incapacity or treason of those who governed them, but to the empire of circumstances. They were especially indebted for this moderation of character to the simplicity of their hereditary manners; few among them aspired to dignity and power.

They presented not the afflicting spectacle of friends dissolving their ancient in-

timacies, and even declaring a sudden war upon each other, because one was arrived at the helm of state without calling the other to it. With them patriotism triumphed over ambition. There existed royalists and republicans; but not republicans of different sects, rending with their dissensions the bosom of their country. There might be among them a diversity of opinions, but never did they abandon themselves to sanguinary feuds, proscriptions and confiscations. From their union resulted their victory: they immolated their enmities to the public weal, their ambition to the safety of the state, and they reaped the fruit of it: an ever memorable proof that if precipitate resolutions cause the failure of political enterprises, temper and perseverance conduct them to a glorious issue.

The North American Review.

The thirtieth number of this respectable journal, is recently published in Boston, and has just come to our hands. We are not so well pleased with it as with some of its predecessors. There is less good writing and rather more pretension, less novelty of thought or variety of style. It is however, upon the whole, quite equal to any recent number of the Edinburgh. We propose, in the present place, to give our readers an account of its contents, and shall endeavour in future, to make them acquainted with the contents of the principal Quarterly Journals of Europe and this country, immediately after receiving them.

The first article of this number purports to be a review of Dr. Copleston's *Praelectiones on Poetry*, but is in fact, principally devoted to a laudatory account of the English universities, and respectful remembrances of English institutions in general. The reviewer, who intimates in no obscure terms, that he has travelled into foreign parts, seems to have been taken by the softened tone of some of the late British journals, and ejaculates *Salve Magna Parens*, with as much fervour as if England had really been a tender and magnanimous mother to her offspring on this side of the Atlantic. We presume this affectionate article is not in any manner owing to a note in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, at the article of the Sketch Book. Experience, unfortunately, seems to show that the respect of our brethren across the Atlantic, is not to be gained by endearments and deference. Paradoxical as it may seem, we believe that more has been done to excite a proper feeling towards us in England by

the publication of Mr. Walsh's Appeal, than by all the eulogies and panegyric effusions that our presses brought forth previously.

In the second article we have a plain and praiseworthy view of the progress of internal improvement in North Carolina. After some judicious remarks upon the true meaning and extent of public economy, and showing that it may often consist with an enlarged expenditure of public money, the reviewer takes a brief notice of the efforts for internal improvements made in some of the principal states. North Carolina, although the third in magnitude among the old states, and containing at the present time, a population of seven hundred thousand souls, has not held a proportionate rank in the union. There is perhaps not one of the confederacy less in the public eye than North Carolina. Of its interior, little is known in the other states. Little more than half a century ago, a traveller published of this state, that 'there are but seven provincial laws throughout the colony, and no courts at all in being.' A principal cause of the backwardness of North Carolina in general intelligence and refinement, is attributed, by the reviewer, to the obstructions to commerce which abound along its coast. The situation of the state is thus represented in a memoir, written by Judge Murphy.

Men must learn political truths in the school of experience. Such is their obstinacy, that they will learn them no where else. The events of the year 1819, have taught us lessons of the most impressive character. If we do not profit by them, we deserve to be lashed still more severely. It is true the distress in pecuniary matters, which now prevails in this state, is not to be attributed to one cause only; but it is obvious to a common observer, that the greatest and most operative cause of this distress is the scattered condition of our commerce, and the want of a home-market. Having no commercial city in which the staples of our soil can be exchanged for foreign merchandise, our merchants purchase their goods, and contract their debts in Charleston, Petersburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Part of these debts are discharged by shipments of produce; the balance by cash. Once in every year the state is literally drained of its money to pay debts abroad. Our banks, not being able to do as extensive business by bank credits, as is done in large commercial cities, are compelled to issue and throw into circulation their notes to meet the demands of commerce. These notes are

collected in immense numbers in other states, and returned upon banks for specie, and the banks are compelled not only to curtail their discounts and press their dealers, that they may call in their notes, but upon emergencies to suspend specie payments. The consequence is, that their notes depreciate, and the merchants being obliged to make remittances to other states, sustain the most serious losses. No blame is to be attached to the banks. They have not issued more paper, than the ordinary demands of our commerce require. The evil lies in the condition of the state; a condition, which, in the first place, induces the merchants to contract their debts in other states; and which, in the second place, compels the banks to do business by issues of notes, instead of doing it by bank credits. The old United States bank, with a capital of ten millions of dollars, and making annual dividends of eight per cent. never had in circulation at any one time notes to the amount of five millions. More than one half of its business was done by bank credits. This business was confined to commercial cities, where a credit at the bank answered the purposes of merchants as well, and their convenience much better, than bank notes. If North Carolina had her commerce concentrated at one or two points, one or more large commercial cities would grow up. Markets would be found at home for the productions of the state. Foreign merchandise would be imported into the state for the demands of the market; our debts would be contracted at home, and our banks would be enabled to change their course of business. They would give activity to the commerce of the state, and yet issue but a small amount of paper; and this amount would be confined in its circulation almost entirely to the state. To these advantages may be added another of no small moment. The profits of our commerce would be made in North Carolina, whereas now they are made in other states. The annual profit made upon our commerce in other states, and which is totally lost to North Carolina, is estimated at more than half a million of dollars.

The subject of improvement appears to have been first started in 1815. A board of commissioners was erected by the legislature: money was liberally subscribed in aid of navigation and turnpike companies, and a capable engineer was engaged in England. The progress of the public works has not been rapid, but it seems to be sure. The state has taken the precaution to have accurate surveys made of the country, that no expense may hereafter be wasted on abortive attempts. Along the whole coast of North Carolina is a sandy ridge, separated from the main land in some places by narrow sounds, in others by broad bays. It is from the

existence of the ridge, that the most formidable obstacles have been opposed to the commerce of this state. One of the first objects of the legislature is to remove these obstacles, and various schemes have been proposed for the purpose, which are stated in the review. The literary character of this state is said to be considerably improved of late years. In 1804, there were only three academies, now there are nearly fifty. The university of North Carolina, which is at Chapel Hill, in Orange county, is at present flourishing, and contains more than an hundred students. After noticing the patriotism and liberality displayed by the legislature, in the act relating to the statue of Washington, by Canova, the reviewer concludes with establishing the authenticity of the celebrated Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence.

Article III. is entitled, 'Private life of Voltaire.' It gives some amusing anecdotes from a recent French publication of the letters of a certain Madame de Graffigny, the author of Peruvian Letters, who spent six months at Cirey, the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness du Chatelet, where also Voltaire was a guest. The principal passages, however, of this work have already been given to the public in the Quarterly Review. The following is the account given in the North American of Madame Graffigny's visit.

The story of this little romance of real life is briefly the following. Madame de Graffigny had long been inflamed with an eager desire to make the acquaintance of Voltaire, under the influence of the common delusion, that the conversation and social habits of a distinguished author must be as agreeable as his writings. Her wishes had long been frustrated by the same cause which now prevents our worthy countryman, Captain Symmes, from exploring the interior of the earth through the opening which he has discovered at the North Pole; 'the want of disposable means.' Chill penury had for a long time repressed her noble rage, for Madame de Graffigny, though rich in sentiment and familiar in the best society, in regard to funds was poor indeed, as we shall see hereafter. By great good luck, while she was on a visit at the residence of one of her friends, which she pleasantly denominates the *Chateau de l'Ennui*, another of the number arrived on a visit with her own equipage. An opening was thus made for Madame de Graffigny to take her projected journey free of expense, of which she availed herself at once. 'The first compliment I made her, says our author, was to ask the loan of her horses, which was granted,'

and the next morning she commenced her expedition at sunrise, and proceeded very prosperously till half past one o'clock. Thus far every thing went well, but at that time, for reasons not sufficiently explained, the coachman refused to go any farther, our sentimental traveller was obliged to resort to the post, and after floundering along dismally over the most detestable roads, and wallowing half the way on foot through the mire to avoid being overset, she arrived at last at Cirey, at two o'clock at night, having spent her last *solupon* her horses and postillions. *Il neme restait pas ce qu'on appelle un sol.* Two o'clock at night would be rather an unpropitious hour in ordinary cases to arrive at a friend's house in the country upon a visit; but the inhabitants of Cirey kept no ordinary hours, as we shall see. They were all up and doing. The Nymph and the Idol, as she ingeniously styles Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, were each hard at study, in their respective cabinets. She first paid her respects to the former and then repaired to her own apartment, where the Idol immediately came up to see her, and received her with great kindness. 'Your idol came up a moment after, holding a little candle in his hand, like a monk. He lavished a thousand caresses upon me, and the expressions of his joy at seeing me were quite extravagant. He kissed my hand ten times, and inquired after my health with an air of the most touching interest.'

Such is the opening of the little sentimental drama we are reviewing, all flowers and sunshine. Madame de Graffigny approached the shrine of her Idol, with the same enthusiasm that our young travelling scholars now feel, when they are admitted to an interview with lord Byron, or Sir Walter Scott; and for eight or ten days, all went on very well. The conversation is delightful, the suppers are divine, and the manuscripts they give her to read irresistible. Voltaire is always charming, always attentive. She sees that he is afraid she shall be *ennuyee*, but he is much in the wrong. *Ennuyee* in the same house with Voltaire, impossible! She has not even leisure to remember that there is such a thing as *ennui* in the world. She is as hearty as the Pont Neuf, and as busy as a mouse, and she sleeps like a child. The Nymph is indeed a little cold, but she soon grows familiar. Our author cannot help laughing in her sleeve, at their ridiculous fanaticism about Newton and geometry, but upon the whole she finds them most agreeable companions, and Cirey quite an enchanted Castle.

This delightful state of things, however, exists, but only a short time. A coolness ensues between the inhabitants of the Chateau, and their new visitor in consequence of a belief that the latter has communicated to a correspondent parts of Voltaire's poem of the maid of Orleans, which had been read to her in confidence.

The discovery of this offence, real or pretended, was followed by a terrible explosion; and from this moment the face of things at the castle changes entirely for Madame de Graffigny; no more charming conversations, no more divine suppers, no more delicious manuscripts. Her eyes grow dim with weeping; she is attacked by the vapours; and this residence, where the name of Ennui was never heard of before, is now the dullest spot in the world. *C'est l'endroit du monde le moins divertissant.* The very resource of her ordinary friendly and confidential correspondence with *Great Dog* fails her; since she finds that her letters are regularly opened. But how to get away without a *sol* in her pocket? This last difficulty aggravates all the rest. She worries along in blank sadness and continual tears two or three months, till at length an intimate friend, having, it would seem, some pretensions to a nearer title, makes his appearance, ostensibly to relieve the distressed damsel from her tedious thralldom. His presence revives her hopes, restores her health and eyes, drives off the vapours, and gives the castle and her correspondence all its former gayety. But this is only a prelude to the last and that the unkindest cut of all. The correspondence terminates abruptly by a short letter, in which the broken hearted fair-one informs her friend, that the supposed lover had made her the tender avowal of his complete indifference, and we are even left entirely in the dark about the manner in which she found her way back to Paris. Thither however, she went, and not long after published the Peruvian letters. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The editor intimates that the disastrous catastrophe we have just mentioned, suggested the plan of this, we doubt not, very instructive work; the writer having depicted her own feelings in those of the tender and desolate Zilia, and represented her cruel and perfidious lover under the character of the false hearted Aza; with what success we must leave it to the fair readers of their history to judge.

At the conclusion of this article is a brief, but interesting survey of Voltaire's principal productions.

Article IV. Contains the principal arguments against an increase of the present duties on importation, in the shape of a review of the 'Report of the Committee of Merchants and others of Boston, on the tariff.' We find little that is new in the reasoning of the reviewer, though in some passages the argument is exceedingly well stated.

Article V. Is an examination of Swedenborgianism, and contains an account of the principal tenets of the followers of Swedenborg, and the reviewer's ideas of their nature and tendency. The subject seems not to be exactly suited to a work which pro-

fesses to be 'devoted to no religious sect.' The review, we think can hardly fail to engender a controversy. These grave matters are beyond the scope of our journal, and we must refer our readers who may desire to see the subject discussed to the Review itself.

In article VI. We find a view of the present condition of Hayti, derived from a long list of publications placed at the head of the article, and as it would seem from some personal knowledge possessed by the writer of the country. The Baron de Vastey, the Alpha and Omega of Haytian intellect and literature, has furnished the principal materials for this review, as we perceive he has done for similar articles in the Quarterly and British. It is not unimportant to mention that this coloured philosopher is 'a yellow man either a mulatto or mestizo,' and therefore not quite so high in the scale of humanity as the unmixed African race. The reviewer gives a long detail of the barbarities inflicted upon the negroes by the French colonists, the authority for which we may remark is rather suspicious, as it seems in part derived from the Quarterly Review. On the word of the last journal we are informed that blood-hounds were procured from Cuba, for the purpose of hunting down the blacks, but it is not added that the example was set by the British themselves in Jamaica. The late king Henry, the reviewer informs us, was a person of 'fine features, noble presence, and accomplished manners,' and was considered by his subjects in the light of an affectionate father. The late revolution has unfortunately affected the soundness of this latter opinion, and confirmed the truth of the old observation respecting the difference between the good qualities of a living and a dead monarch. The following extracts will exhibit the reviewer's opinions of this anomalous society.

Hayti has indicated more intellectual power in her military affairs, than elsewhere, because every thing has long compelled her to make war an object of almost undivided attention. Still menaced by the ex colonists, exposed on her southern frontier, and unsettled in her interior provinces, an immense number of her inhabitants has been constantly withdrawn from the mechanical pursuits of peace, from agriculture, commerce and manufactures, both to recruit her armies and engage in the labour of erecting fortresses, transporting munitions of war, and otherwise aiding in the defence of the kingdom.

They have nevertheless made a respectable advancement in the useful arts, particularly in those arts which are subservient to the purposes of war and agriculture. For the nation is a nation of warriors and husbandmen; the people go from the plough to the field of battle, and thence back again to the pursuits of agriculture; and almost every man past the middle age can show honourable scars in evidence of his bravery during the revolution. In military tactics, in engineering, in fortification, in cannon-foundry, in the manufacture of powder, bombs and arms, they are as expert as any whites could ever have been in the same circumstances. Leclerc had under his command many of the first military men of France; and the people of Hayti, by serving under or against him, and receiving instructions from his officers, have acquired a portion of the proficiency in the art of war, which had been attained at that period by the republic. Printing-presses have been erected; and their execution is such, that the books now before us might compare with some of the better publications in our country for beauty of type and paper, as well as correctness. In all the lesser manufactures, in those arts which are constantly required in the common affairs of life, the people have skill enough to supply most of their own ordinary wants, and in some few things they have reached considerable perfection. Commerce they have none, except what is carried on at home for the sale of their produce to foreigners or the purchase of articles in exchange;* and here they exhibit adequate intelligence and fairness. But it is in agriculture that the blacks have done most for the perfection of the peaceful arts. The land, it is true, is so rich and fertile, and the climate is so propitious, that little cultivation is requisite; and therefore while the state of the country remains unsettled and the population thin and called away to different pursuits, we cannot expect that much refinement of agriculture will be bestowed on the plantations. Indeed some of the best of them are still but half-tenanted; so that immense quantities of coffee have sprung up spontaneously every year and perished on the stalks, even when the demand for it has been greatest, through want of hands to gather it in for the market. Still the art of agriculture was never in so respectable a state as it has been since the revolution. The colonial system was execrable. The planters knew little of the use of machines, and in fact employed no labour but that of slaves, who were therefore in full and constant requisition. Nothing was raised which could interfere

* This commerce is conducted very much by barter, as the country has not been quiet long enough to produce an abundance of specie.

† The black population of Hayti, was estimated at 700,000, in the year 1789; and has probably increased somewhat since that time.

with the produce of the metropolis, no wine, oil, grain, nor any other of the staples of France. Indigo, coffee, sugar, cotton and cocoa, were almost the sole articles of cultivation in the colony. But now the face of things is entirely changed; mechanical arts and animals diminish the sum of human labour; and experiments are making in order to introduce the general culture of corn, vines and other plants, adapted to the climate and wants of the present inhabitants. Potatoes are planted with success; *bananeries* are established on all the considerable farms, grain and articles of food of every description are raised in many parts of the island; and rapid advances are making toward an improved state of agriculture.

Since the regeneration of Hayti the manners and social habits of the people have been continually growing better, and we may hope that before long they will have wiped away all the disgraceful stains contracted in a life of bondage.—The noble exertions of the king were most instrumental in producing this effect. Military hospitals were erected by him and were well supported. Religious service was regularly performed in the capital, at which the court and most respectable people attended; but the king was so wise as to make no distinctions between different sects; and catholicism was known to be the religion of the government, only because it was generally professed by the court, and not through any pains or disabilities inflicted or even discountenance thrown upon protestants. An archbishop and three bishops, each with chapters, seminaries and colleges attached to his diocese, and a rector in every parish, constituted the ecclesiastical establishment. The proprietors of plantations were obliged to have prayers read to the labourers every night; and to invite them to attend the religious service in the parish on the several festivals. The king created a board of education consisting of some of his most patriotic and enlightened subjects, and entrusted it with the direction of the national education, the choice of books and instructors, and every thing which regards this branch of public administration. Under the superintendence of this board, colleges and national schools were established, in which the professors and instructors were honourably paid by the government.

The reviewer concludes with expressing a belief that the late revolution will not produce any beneficial effects upon that part of the Haytians who were previously under the dominion of a monarch.

Article VII. Is a review of 'Geological Essays; or an inquiry into some of the Geological Phenomena, to be found in various parts of America and elsewhere. By Horace H. Hayden, Esq.' The subject of this article is such as to preclude the analytical notice we have taken of others.

We shall therefore merely give the reviewer's prefatory and concluding remarks.

In the department of natural history, and particularly in the interesting branches of geology and mineralogy, the researches of Americans, if we do not deceive ourselves, have been as profound, and their progress as honourable to the skill and diligence with which these researches have been made, as those of the students of any other country. The numerous and splendid private cabinets, which are to be found in almost every state in the union, displaying not less taste than labour in the selection and arrangement, and the intimate acquaintance of their respective owners with the characters of the various specimens, will sufficiently attest the truth of our assertion. But, until within a few years past, each individual seemed content with the mere possession of this knowledge, without the desire of imparting it to others, or the ambition to be known to the world, as its possessor. The successful labours of Professors Cleaveland and Silliman, of Dr. Bruce and a few others, have eminently tended, not only to diffuse a spirit of inquiry through our country, and to awaken a fondness for scientific research, but above all to remove that timidity, which has been the chief obstacle to the publication of works of science on the part of our countrymen. The adoption of Professor Cleaveland's elementary treatise, by most of the mineralogical schools of Germany, where the votaries of natural science have been always numerous and ardent, has been not more honourable to the author, than it will prove, we trust, advantageous to his countrymen. It is at once the noblest reward that he could have received, and the strongest incitement which could have been offered to them. They need no longer withhold from the public the results of their researches, under the fear that they can disclose nothing new. The study of nature can never be exhausted: the various aspects, under which it presents itself, in various countries, and at various times, must always offer to the accurate observer, at every new examination, some fact, some phenomenon, not before known; and this must always give to the naturalists of this new world a claim to the respect of those of the old. We are anxious to enforce this truth upon our countrymen, and we repeat, that they have a right to claim a higher rank among the philosophers of the earth, than they have been, hitherto, content to hold.

Having laid before our readers a view of the principal subjects treated of by Mr. Hayden, it remains only to speak of the manner in which his work has been executed; and here we cannot help regretting, that literature and science do not always maintain that close connexion, which would ensure the mutual esteem and veneration of their respective votaries. The style of this volume will deter many from going through it, who would willingly

subscribe to the high claims of the author, as a profound philosopher. It will be seen at once, that Mr. Hayden has been more accustomed to think deeply, than to express his thoughts; and that he has paid much more attention to the uses, than to the graces of composition. This is not the first time that his name has been before the public. In Professor Cleaveland's admirable work on mineralogy, we find it of frequent recurrence; and this circumstance alone is a passport to our notice. But no one who reads these essays, freed from the trammels of fastidious criticism, will need be told, that their author merits his respect: whether he had ever heard of him before or not, he would be ready to acknowledge the honour of his acquaintance, after a candid consideration of his claims.

Mr. Hayden's defective style, however, much as it might be censured, is not the greatest fault of his work. It exhibits a want of method and arrangement, altogether inadmissible in a work of science. The chapters, into which it is divided, are without heading; and the divisions are made, in several instances, in the middle of an argument, where the sense would hardly call for a separate paragraph. The chapters from six to eleven, inclusive, should either have been embodied in the first, or have been added as an appendix, since the reader is compelled to refer to them, before he can understand the mode of reasoning adopted in the first. The different subjects are mingled together without order, and the necessary consequence is, that the same arguments are frequently repeated.

We have before expressed our disapprobation of the very free use he has made of quotations from other writers. They make up, indeed, so much of the book, that the purchaser may have just cause of complaint, that he has been made to pay for what was already his own. Nor is he always correct, in his references to the authors of these many quotations. He sometimes gives credit to Mr. Rennel, for the opinions of Herodotus, and to Cuvier, for the sentiments of M. De Prony: But this has undoubtedly arisen from inadvertence, as it is evident Mr. Hayden has studied his subject with too much attention, not to be acquainted with the opinions of all the writers of note, who have touched upon it. Upon the whole, we are disposed to regard the 'Geological Essays' as well deserving an attentive perusal. We would especially recommend the selection of queries embraced in the 'Agenda,' to the notice of every scientific traveller, and man of leisure.

Article VIII. In a review of 'Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne et Moderne de J. S. Bailly,' and gives copious extracts from that interesting and useful work.

Article IX. Is entitled *Contagion*. It is a brief review of Dr. Osgood's letter on the Yellow Fever of the

West Indies; and a notice of the principal circumstances attending the fevers of the last summer.

In Philadelphia, where the health regulations were last year entirely founded upon the supposition of contagion, the good effects of acting upon a contrary belief this year, while the fever prevailed there, seem to have removed almost every fear of its possessing any such property. If it were true that those who are affected by it communicate the disease by its contagious poison to those about them, what method could be devised more calculated to spread the disease in every direction, than removing the sick, and scattering them among those in health? Yet it is well known to every one, how opposite to this was the result in Philadelphia, as it was in other places the previous year. It cannot be doubted that it is owing to the wise precaution of removing all persons, both sick and well, from the sickly neighbourhood, that the ravages of the disease were so limited and so speedily checked. Had the same course been adopted, that was pursued in the fever of 1793, there is much reason to apprehend that the disease would have been equally destructive.

In New York the very rigour of their quarantine and non-intercourse system, has furnished some striking proofs of its inefficiency and uselessness. Not the formidable parade of proclamations prohibiting the entrance into the city of any person or thing, which had been within thirty days in Philadelphia, not the city marshals posted at every avenue to enforce the exclusion, nor the keenness of perception of the health physician, so sharpened by his apprehensions as to espy symptoms of yellow fever in the common effects of a debauch, could prevent the introduction of a few cases of the disease. And yet it was not communicated, even to the friends and attendants of the sick.

There is a curious contrast of circumstances, as they occurred in New York and in Baltimore, while the alarm of fever prevailed in Philadelphia. In the former city, while every thing coming from the seat of the disease was excluded with a vigilance worthy of a better cause, several cases of the fever occurred, and the whole city seemed constantly in a state of agitation and alarm; but in the latter, with no interruption to the free communication with Philadelphia, there appears to have been no case of the disease, and no apprehension or alarm. We confess we feel very little sympathy for the disappointment of the friends of contagion in New York, in the failure of their prohibitory schemes. Had they been willing to learn it, the occurrences of the previous year would have taught them the impolicy of relying upon such means of prevention. We cannot, however, but lament their want of success in their attempt to check the progress of another disease, for which it seems the quarantine system is unfortunately equally ineffectual. Happy would it have been for New

York, happy for our country, had this experiment but succeeded, and proved that the dreadful contagion of intemperance could be destroyed by a thirty days' quarantine.

Dr. Osgood's experience seems to be decisive on the subject of Contagion. In an introductory letter to Dr. Perkins he says,

Although, as you will perceive, I have rather avoided all controversial remarks, on the identity of the disease in different countries, and on the question whether it be from a contagious cause or not, yet I feel it my duty, so far to answer your inquiries on these points, as here to state, that, regarding its character both within the tropics, and in the higher latitudes, where I have been acquainted with it, I have not been able to discover any other varieties of its symptoms, than such as I conceived to have arisen from the differences of constitution, exposure and treatment in those affected by it, and from changes in the weather. Nor have I seen an instance, during nearly twenty years' constant practice in this disease, in which it appeared to me to be communicated from one person to another; or of its having originated from any exposure whatever, except in places peculiarly circumstanced. p. iv.

The reviewer concludes with the following remarks, the first of which are unfortunately for the credit of our sister city, but too well founded.

Although we claim to ourselves no credit for heroism, in the free disclosure of our views on this important subject, yet we do not much wonder that the timidity of the author on this point should lead him to regard it as an effort of chivalry to declare an opinion on this question in New York, where the denial of the doctrine of contagion would scarcely fail to subject him to illiberal sarcasm and personal abuse in the public papers of that city. But we cannot agree with him that the discussion of this question is a mere dispute about words. It is true that the word contagion has often been loosely and inaccurately used. Still, whatever meaning may be attached to the term, the question remains, whether the yellow fever is disseminated by some property which is generated by the disease itself, or arises in each individual case from some cause, independent of the previous existence of the disease. And this question is of immense practical importance. Every measure of protection against the ravages of this desolating epidemic is deeply affected by it; and the propriety of the measure is determined by the correctness of the answer to the question. It is not a question of words merely, whether we are still to rely upon quarantines, and lazarettos, and non-intercourse, as our safeguard, or to seek out and remove such local objects as contaminate the purity of the atmosphere. It is not a question of

words only, whether we may safely receive into our families those who are fleeing from before the pestilence, or whether we shall shut our doors upon them, lest we should share their danger of becoming its victims.

Article X. is headed 'The History of Grecian Art.' The reviewer has prefixed to it the title, a German memoir, by Thiersth, or the epochs of the plastic art among the Greeks; but the article appears to contain principally the fruits of his own reading and observations upon the subject, and begins with a prefatory view of the state of 'the arts' in this country and in Europe. We cannot say that we have been much edified, or very greatly amused by this performance. There is a little too much of the air of writing for effect, and for the display of Greek reading, and of personal observations upon European churches and pictures. The review begins with the following passages.

There is nothing perhaps, in which our country is so plainly deficient, as the means of pursuing the study of the subject, which is treated in this memoir; we might perhaps say, in general, as in the state of the fine arts. We have produced, it is true, some of the most celebrated modern painters, and have been able to retain some of them in their native land. To have given birth to West and Copley, and to possess Stuart and Allston, is certainly to have contributed our share and more than our share to the painting of the age. But this is not all, which we want, even for this one department of the arts. Public collections of the great masters and valuable cabinet pieces from their immortal pencils are unknown among us; and of course the acquisition of the liberal ideas awakened by their inspection and study, forms no part of a finished education in our country. It would be preposterous to charge that upon us as a want on neglect, or a piece of voluntary vandalism, which is wholly unavoidable. It is well known that pictures of any considerable interest are not to be bought in Europe, except by mere chance, and at enormous prices: and though great estates are certainly acquired in our country, yet it must be remembered that they are charged with a burden, unknown in the feudal families of the old world, the custom of an equal distribution among a family of children. One picture of Raphael would exceed in price a son's patrimony or a daughter's portion, in the richest family of the United States. A hundred years ago, the little Corregio at Dresden, a picture not a foot square, was sold for 13,000 gold ducats, and when a certain powerful monarch told the Duke of Tuscany that he would give him 8000 crowns for the Madonna della Seggiola at Florence, the duke replied that for another such picture, he would give his

majesty 80,000. The small picture of Acteon belonging to the late Mr. West and ascribed to Titian, but which we have high authority for doubting to be that master's, it is fresh in the knowledge of our readers, sold for about 3000 dollars; while Mr. West refused 50,000 for his own last picture but one. In this state of things, it is evident that the people of America must give up the homely practice of making more than one child comfortable in the world, or they must say with the mother of the Gracchi, 'these are my pictures;' and let the Titians and the Raphaels remain in Europe.

From another great source we are also cut off, from which the public collections and the galleries of the great, have sometimes been replenished in Europe. Our armies have had no Ausonian, no Andalusian regions to sweep. From our contests with the Seminoles and Winnebagoes, we bring back nothing better than hard blows, and cessions of wild lands, and return from arduous campaigns without picture or statue. This certainly is not our fault, but the inherent vice of the warfare: and of those abroad who reproach us for not coming back from Tippecanoe or Pensacola, as richly laden with works of art as a French army from Italy, or an English general from Spain, we can only ask whether they think this is voluntary on our part, and say as Demosthenes did to the Athenians of Philip: 'Is there any one so foolish as to suppose that Philip really prefers the beans and vetches of the miserable villages of Thrace, to the Athenian mines and arsenals?' This only we think we can answer for, that there is already taste enough in our country to prize such precious booty, should any chance of war throw it in our power, though there would be respectable precedents for being insensible to their worth. Honest Mummius, who sacked Corinth, has perhaps been laughed at too much, for telling the soldiers, to whom he gave in charge the pictures of Parrhasius, that if they injured or lost them, they should restore others as good. At least there seems a milder species of barbarism in this, than prevailed in the army of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, that Lion of the north whom Major Dalgetty has so extensively introduced to our readers, whose refined Swedes cut the pictures of Corregio from their frames, to cover their baggage waggons withal; which said pictures, that they might do every possible service, were afterwards nailed up, to keep the snow out of her majesty of Sweden's stables. For all which proofs of interest in the arts, the honest Swedes have been remembered by the amateurs, in much the same affectionate way, that the rocket-maker at Alcalá, who wrought up the Greek manuscripts of the Complutensian polyglott, into cartridges for his fire-works, has been remembered by the bibliocal critics.

Article XI. Is a review of Lyman's Political State of Italy, of which a

notice was given in our 2d. number; and is upon the whole a judicious criticism. The introductory remarks upon travelling may amuse our readers.

It was formerly thought, that a gentleman, by the simple process of leaving his own country and going into a foreign one, acquired the right of forcing on the public an account of his breakfasts and nights' lodgings, of the various vulgar people he fell in with in the diligence and the inn, with all the insipid gossip of ordinary life. The mere circumstance of travelling was thought to give an importance to these precious details; and we were expected to buy and read a journal of small quotidian experiences, on the score of their having passed abroad, of which, had they passed at home and a man had proposed to speak to the public, his friends would have put him upon hellebore. Not only is this remark applicable to many of the elder travellers, but it is a scandal not yet effaced from English literature, that the Northern Summers and Strangers of Carr, were once popular reading. But the public taste is certainly becoming more correct on this point; and although no discerning student of foreign countries will refuse any fact or detail however insignificant, so it be but characteristic; yet it is generally allowed now to be no sort of consequence to the public, whether the traveller took a bad franc from the postillion, between St. Denys and Paris, or got a headache from his first indulgence in the cheap wines of that capital; and the journals of travellers made up of these articles of information have, we believe, ceased to be in great demand, even at the circulating library.

The only sort of travels, that will, we think, hereafter be much sought for, are those which in fact, though written by travellers, are, if we may venture on a paradoxical phrase, no travels at all; that is, the remarks of persons of observation in foreign countries, wholly unincumbered with details of stage-coaches and post-chaises, and common travellers' gossip, and leaving it quite to the reader's imagination to conceive by what conveyances and after what adventures, the author arrives at the spot where his observations commence. And even when there arrived, the political interest is so fast absorbing all others both at home and abroad, and the classical soil has been so thoroughly trod, and we have such maps and views, and catalogues of galleries and museums, that if we mistake not a greater curiosity will hereafter be felt on topics of statistical and political information, on the condition, pursuits, and manners of the people, than on pictures, statues, and ruins.

We see however, in the tone of the reviewer, the same '*quæque ipse vidi*, that we have remarked upon in our observations upon some preceding ar-

ticles. Travelled men, are certainly privileged, but we may be permitted to smile at the naiveté of the following passage.

We are moreover not sure that we have been wholly able to divest ourselves of all that additional interest in the work, which may pardonably result from having been ourselves of the voyage, in the course of which the materials for it were gathered; nor is it quite without a sentiment of self-reproach, that we cast our eyes on an ample volume of remarks on the modern state of Italy, without our having been able to give to the public a corresponding proof of industry and zeal, in the journal of our own antiquarian observations. With this apology to our readers for our tediousness, if we should seem to dwell with too much complacency on details of which the interest will vary to different persons, we proceed without further preface, to lay before them an analysis of the work, with such extracts from the author and observations of our own, as may serve to illustrate it.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA. No. II.

By Oliver Optic, Esq.

To one who has never sacrificed with much assiduity at the shrine of the graces, there are few things more embarrassing than the first steps of a self-introduction. To a sensitive and retired man like me, the forms and flourishes, the circumlocution and apologies that seem generally requisite in an initial address are particularly painful, whether I happen to be placed in the situation of actor or auditor. Even in my younger days, when both my manners and person were more flexible, I could never bring myself to practice in the school of Chesterfield, then newly come in fashion, and it were now a hopeless task to attempt it. To save time and trouble, and words, of all of which I have been uniformly sparing, I have made it a rule, on occasions of this nature, to plunge in medias res, to say what I had to say frankly, instead of standing on the brink of acquaintance, in the midst of chills and blunders. Custom, however, seems to have ordained that a periodical Essayist, should apprise his readers what manner of person it is that addresses them, and upon what foundation he rests his claim to become a public lecturer. In conformity with this established rule, rather than with my own notions of right or feelings of convenience, I shall proceed in this number to give some account of myself, and of the

objects I have in view, in making known my opinions upon men, manners, and things.

I am what is commonly called an old gentleman. To the latter half of this appellation taken in its old fashioned sense, my education, and I hope the tenor of my life entitle me. In the sense in which it is sometimes used, of late years, I have no pretensions to it. The events I have witnessed, the friends I have lost, the autumnal feeling of my strength would, if I had not been a faithful chronicler of time, convince me that I had passed the sunny hours of life, and 'achieved the silver livery of advised age.' My birth took place some years previous to the revolution. My great-grand-father came over in the same vessel with William Penn, a circumstance which I have often heard my parents relate with great appearance of satisfaction, and hereafter, probably the descendants of those who emigrated in the same company, will record the fact with a degree of pride similar to, and certainly as rational as that which they display in England, on tracing their pedigree from some Norman freebooter who crossed the seas with William the conqueror. From what part of the United Kingdom my ancestors came, I never could ascertain with all my research; for, good people, they thought more of performances than pedigree, and likened the pride of birth, when unaccompanied by personal merit, to faith without works. Neither could I ever learn what temporal calling was pursued by the worthy founder of our cis-Atlantic house and his immediate descendants. They bore a name sufficiently sonorous and dignified, and which had been celebrated in the British annals, but they never thought, as far as I could learn, of claiming kindred with the Plantagenets, the Talbots, the Percies or the Seymours, much less of adopting the crests or coats of those illustrious houses. Titles they held to be no more than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and the robes of the peerage would have suited ill with their plain brown and buttonless coats. From this lamentable indifference to heraldry, it has so happened that I never could fix the original *habitat* of my transplanted ancestor with sufficient certainty to enable me to become a member of either of the national societies whether of St. Andrew or St. George, Welsh or Hibernian. The disregard

of worldly honours, however, which they professed did not prevent my parents giving me the best education the country could at that time afford. I was duly flogged through the lower strata of Latin and Greek authors according to the most approved receipts for forming the mind, and received a sprinkling of the mathematics and sciences, with the most unfeigned abhorrence. Being an only child, and my parents having sufficient for my respectable support, I was not brought up to any particular profession, or pursuit. This circumstance, a very unusual one in this simple country, which after I had left school, kept me out of the company of most of my own standing, had the effect of making me shy and retired. I contracted a great fondness for books, and the passion has continued by me through life. My disposition has led me to read and observe rather than to take an active part in the concerns of mankind, but my observations have been confined to my own country, and especially to Philadelphia, my native and beloved city. Beyond its precincts, I have wandered little, and have had little desire to wander. I have seen its growth from a small and quiet, and simple town to a populous, noisy, and magnificent city. I can remember when Fifth-street formed the extreme western boundary of its buildings, and when some of the principal inhabitants found a pleasant and salubrious residence in Water-street, which modern innovation is now projecting to destroy. I have often, when a boy, wandered over the commons which have now become the centre of the city, and lost myself in the avenues of the spacious gardens in the square of Third-street below Chesnut. I have seen the splendid mansions of colonial affluence, converted into shops or banking houses, and the dwellings of busy and happy men, extended over what was once the dreary abode of the squirrel and the owl. In these vicissitudes, in the revolutions of states, and the changes of manners, I have found abundant food for my prevailing appetite of meditation. From my constitutional timidity and habitual taciturnity, I have reviewed the progress of things as Lucretius describes an observer contemplating a storm on the ocean, from a secure situation on land, and instead of giving vent to my ideas in the ordinary channel of conversation, I have, like sir Hugh Evans, in the Merry

Wives of Windsor, 'made a prief of them in my note book.' My thoughts may not be very profound, nor my representations of mankind, very vivid or accurate, but such as they are, I have determined to present them to the public, and being a little addicted to adhere to the customs of the olden time, I have preferred putting my opinions in the shape of periodical essays, to the modern practice of embodying them in a review of the writings of others. Variety, I know, is an essential ingredient in these hebdomadal dishes. In the course of my lucubrations, therefore, though I may sometimes indulge in the reminiscences of 'My young days when George the third was king.'

I shall, in general, adapt my observations to the present state of society and manners. My fair readers, who from the prosing austerity of my preamble might be led to suppose that their immediate concerns would occupy no part of my attention, may be assured that

'Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit
The power of beauty I remember yet,'
And shall consider their benefit and improvement as one of the principal objects of my literary labours. From the quilling of a ruffle to the acceptance of an offer, nothing shall escape my judicial observation. I have moreover engaged the assistance of a sprightly young gentleman, who frequents tea parties and assemblies, drinks punch with all new married men, has seen Mr. Kean, in all his parts, and from a residence of a week or two in London, is qualified to pronounce decisively upon all matters of taste and opinion. From this source, I shall regularly be made acquainted with the newest conversation of polite life, and shall derive a sufficient stock of information respecting recent engagements, and the various phases of female deportment to render the pictures of my Camera Obscura highly interesting to the gentle sex, and their gentle suitors. For the rest I trust my readers will find me neither so crabbed as to rail at every thing modern, nor so volatile as to cry up the present age at the expense of the past.

LAW.

RECENT ENGLISH CASES.

King's Bench. Westminster, Nov. 21, 1820.
In Banco.

RATSON V. DONOVAN.

This was a question as to the liability of a common carrier. The

plaintiffs, bankers at—, sent to Newcastle by the coach of the defendant, a box containing bank-notes to the amount of 4,070*l*. The usual notice, limiting responsibility, was put up in the office of the coachmaster, and the plaintiffs had knowledge of that notice. The box, however, was delivered without any statement as to its value; the words used by the porter being merely, "this is the box for Newcastle." The box was locked and corded, but not sealed; and it had frequently travelled the same journey in the vehicle of the defendant. The coach arrived at Berwick about ten at night; it was suffered to remain in the middle of the street while a fresh coachman was preparing himself; a porter was left in charge during the interval, but some person contrived to elude his vigilance, and, in conclusion, the box was lost. Mr. Justice Bayley, before whom the action was tried, directed the jury to consider, first, whether the plaintiffs had not dealt unfairly with the defendant in neglecting to apprise him of the value of the box; and, next, whether there had been any thing, amounting to gross negligence, about the conduct of the coachmaster. The jury found a verdict for the defendant; and cause having been shown against the rule for a new trial, the judges delivered their opinion *seriatim*.

Mr. Justice Best had no wish that his single opinion should affect the rights of parties, but felt it his duty humbly to protest against the introduction of, as it appeared to him, a new principle into the law of common carriage—that the owner of the parcel was bound, unasked, to state its value; and he also felt bound to declare, that the direction of the learned judge (Bayley,) to consider whether there had been gross negligence, went farther in favour of the carrier than was strictly warranted by law: in the course of thirty years' practice he (Mr. Justice Best) had met with no precedent for such a direction. A carrier, independent of notice given by him, was liable for all losses except by the act of God or of the king's enemies. He was so liable, because he took the reward, the price of carriage, for the liability. He was at liberty to make any special contract that he pleased—any special acceptance of the goods; and carriers, the learned judge thought, might protect themselves much more effectually by due inquiries than by published notices.

The direction, as it appeared to him, should have been, not whether the plaintiffs had omitted to state the value of the box, which, he contended, they were not bound, unasked, to do, but whether there had been any misrepresentation upon that point by the plaintiff. It had been said, that the case of "Gibbon v. Painter," in which 1200*l*. had been sent wrapped in a nail-bag and packed in hay, was at variance with the opinion which the learned judge was now holding. On the contrary, his lordship thought that it strongly confirmed his opinion; for what he wanted to establish was, the difference between non-communication and fraud. In the case of *Gibbon v. Painter* the money had wilfully been put into such a shape as to mislead the carrier, and to induce him to imagine that the package was of mean value. In the present case there was no such attempt at deception. The defendant knew that the box came from a banking-house, and might have judged that it contained papers of some worth; he took it without inquiry; put it into the boot of his coach; left the coach to a careless watchman, and the property was lost. The second question, Mr. Justice Best thought, ought to have been, not whether there had been gross negligence, but whether there had been sufficient care; and, under the circumstances, he was of opinion that a new trial should be granted.

Mr. Justice Holroyd thought that the notice was given by a carrier in order to protect himself against the possible risk of carrying valuable property without an adequate reward. The plaintiff, in the present case, was aware of the defendant's notice; and he therefore wilfully delivered, as a parcel which the coachmaster would be willing to take, a parcel which he well knew to be such as that individual had refused to take. The plaintiff, being possessed with the notice, delivered his box as an article under the value of 5*l*. He was not justified in bringing goods which he knew the defendant declined to take, and delivering them as goods which the defendant took as a matter of course. In his (Mr. Justice Holroyd's) opinion, the neglect to disclose amounted to unfair concealment. The carrier was entitled to know the value of the goods intrusted to him. In the present case the value and the nature of the property (being bank-notes at once available) rendered the risk of loss

incalculably greater, from the temptation which it held out to thieves. It was extremely probable that, but from the value of that very box, the coach would have not been robbed at all. The whole question, the learned judge thought, had been properly submitted to the jury; and he saw no ground for interfering with their verdict.

Mr. Justice Bayley was content to rest the case entirely upon the first part of his direction. He would, if necessary, admit that there had been negligence. But there had been negligence only, not malfeasance; and to the plea of negligence, on the part of the plaintiff, the defendant's plea of bad faith and concealment was a sufficient answer. The care to be taken of a parcel must depend upon the value of a parcel. The care bestowed by the defendant might not be sufficient for a box worth 4,000*l*., but it was sufficient for a box worth 5*l*.; and that party who had prevented the exertion of greater care ought, in justice, to bear the loss. The concealment was *dolus malus*; and *ex dolo malo non oritur actio*.

The Lord Chief-Justice thought that the case had been properly left to the jury. The concealment of the plaintiff had, in fact, deprived the defendant of that premium to which the risk he undertook entitled him. The plaintiffs saved their money, and they must take their chance. There was a case, his lordship added, mentioned in Mr. Bell's book upon the law of Scotland, a case decided in 1787, in which, upon that simple principle, a verdict had been found for the defendant. A man having sent a parcel by a common carrier, containing 1,000*l*., paying sixpence for the carriage, ignorance of the value, and inadequacy of consideration, were held a sufficient defence to his action—Rule discharged.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Account of Captain Parry's Expedition.

[From Blackwood's (Edinburgh) Magazine, for Dec.]

The expedition under the command of captain Ross, although very important and interesting, from the numerous nautical observations it had made in Baffin's Bay, still did not satisfy the expectations of men of science, and the public, in regard to the northwest passage. The lords of the admiralty, as we are led to believe from a statement (we think a harsh one,) in the Quarterly Review, were, upon the whole somewhat dissatisfied with captain Ross's investigation of sir James Lancaster's Sound,

and were of opinion that if a passage existed in Baffin's Bay, it must be somewhere in that quarter. In order to determine this important geographical problem, an expedition was fitted out last year, consisting of two strong vessels, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, which were placed under the command of lieutenant Parry. This gentleman, whose talents and feelings, are worthy of the best and most glorious days of nautical enterprise and discovery, was accompanied by a chosen band of intrepid and experienced officers, and the vessels were manned by crews full of zeal and enthusiasm, and in the highest and most perfect state of discipline. Government, provided every comfort and convenience for the crews, embarked in this perilous undertaking; and it was universally acknowledged that no discovery ships ever left the shores of England in a higher state of equipment.

They left England on the 11th of May, 1819, and reached Cape Farewell, the most southern part of West Greenland, on the 14th of the succeeding June. On the 20th of June, the ships were in latitude 64 north; on the 26th of June, they were beset in the ice, and after having endeavoured but in vain to urge their way, during a painful detention of four days, were at last glad to get back again. Having reached latitude 74 north, they determined to force a passage through the barrier of ice, which they found to be eighty miles broad. Having succeeded in this, they reached Possession Bay, on the 31st of July; and on the 1st of August, entered in safety Sir James Lancaster's Sound, where they found the same open sea which has been described in the accounts of the former expedition. They advanced to longitude 89 west, meeting with but little obstruction from the ice; and in longitude 90 west, discovered two considerable islands named Prince Leopold's Isles. But at this point their progress westward was interrupted by a strong barrier of ice extending quite across from these islands, to the north coast, of what captain Parry, we understand, named Barrow's Straits. Being thus arrested by the ice, and forced to alter their course, they now entered a great inlet of fourteen or fifteen leagues in breadth, which they found extending to the south. They sailed along its eastern coast; its middle part and western coast being blocked up by ice, as far as latitude 71 north, when their further progress southward, also was found to be impossible by reason of the ice. In proceeding down this inlet, the magnetic attraction increased so powerfully that the existence of the magnetic pole, may be conjectured to be somewhere in that neighbourhood; probably in latitude 70 north, and longitude 100 west. On their return to Barrow's Straits, it was found that the barrier of ice extending across from Prince Leopold's Isles, to the north coast, had broken up, so that the ships were now enabled to pursue their course westward. Having reached longitude 92, they found the land on

the north side of the strait which had been *continuous* from the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, now *discontinuous* owing to a great inlet. Land, however, was still seen to the west: so the expedition continued its course in that direction. In doing so, the ships passed a number of great islands, all of them apparently surrounded by ice; from which circumstance partial detentions were unavoidable, and their course ran into a sort of zigzag style, from latitude 73 north, to latitude 75 north. On the 4th of September they were in longitude 110 west, and here they discovered an island which appeared to be larger than any they had hitherto examined, and which we understand was named Melville Island, in honour of the distinguished statesman now at the head of the admiralty. This island, we are informed, extends from longitude 106 west, to 114 west. On the 8th of September, the ships reached 112 west, and were enclosed for several days in the ice. Winter was now fast approaching; the ice was rapidly increasing, and violent northwesterly winds kept it in a constant and dangerous state of agitation. These circumstances of course, rendered the navigation very difficult, and began to endanger the safety of the ships. Our gallant countryman, however, continued to contend with all these difficulties until the 22d. of September, when it became evident that farther navigation was at an end for the season, and therefore, prudence dictated their retreat to a secure harbour for the polar winter. For this purpose they returned eastward, and found a harbour in Melville Island. But the ice had already formed from eight to ten inches thick, and therefore the crews were forced to cut a passage for three miles through the ice. The 26th of September, in short, had arrived before they were fixed for their winter quarters in four fathoms water, and within about two hundred yards from the shore. The latitude of this harbour (if we recollect rightly, named Winter Harbour) is 74 north, and longitude 111 west. Hitherto they had never lost sight of a continuous barrier of ice to the south, that is from west longitude 90, to the extreme of Melville Island.

Every thing was soon made snug for the formidable winter of these regions. The officers and crews, formed various plans for passing the dreary days, or rather nights, of the polar regions. Plays were performed by the officers for their own amusement, and that of the crews; and we are told that a melodrama was written, having for its object, the probable success of the expedition, and their ultimate return to their friends, through Behring's Straits, after having planted the British flag in countries which had eluded the bold and fearless daring of a Davis, and a Baffin.

The sun disappeared entirely, on the 11th November. The thermometer was below zero of Fahrenheit's scale, when the expedition entered Winter Harbour. In the month of November, the spirit of wine ther-

mometer was 35° below zero, and in February, the coldest month of these regions, the spirit of wine pointed to the tremendous cold of 54 and 55, below zero. During these intense colds, our adventurous countrymen, felt but little inconvenience, so long as they remained under the housing of their ships. A slight covering for the ears, and a shawl round the neck, were considered a sufficient protection against the most intense degree of cold: but when the atmosphere was agitated by gales of wind, then the cold became truly dreadful and insupportable, and every one was forced to seek shelter below. Nevertheless scarcely any accident occurred from exposure to cold; while the constant and regular exercise, which formed a necessary part of the duty of the crews, kept every one lively and active, and free from disease. One death only took place, during the expedition, and that was in the case of an individual who had contracted the disease of which he died, before he left England.

When the sun had its greatest southern declination, a twilight was perceptible at noon, affording sufficient light to read a book with difficulty. The day was like the fine clear evening of winter in our climate. The stars shone with great brilliancy, and when the moon appeared in the firmament, she shone with a beauty and splendour unknown in the more southern, and temperate regions of the globe. The northern lights appeared frequently, generally of a yellow colour, sometimes green, but rarely red, and most commonly towards the southwest. It was remarked that this brilliancy was seldom so great as in our country; no noise was ever heard to proceed from them, and the magnetic needle did not appear to be affected by their presence. But we long to know if they were visible the whole day, and what were their various forms and motions, and transparency. The sun reappeared on the 3d. of February, after an absence of eighty-five days, and those only who have suffered a privation of its 'glorious light,' can feel, and tell the rapture with which the crews hailed the first glimpse from the mast-head. They had calculated the exact period of its return, and were anxiously looking for it from the main-top.

In April, some partial symptoms of thaw appeared. By the end of May, pools and streams of water made their appearance, and shortly after, a regular thaw commenced. Nearly about this time, captain Parry, with a party of his officers and men, crossed Melville Island, and reached the sea on the opposite side, in latitude 75 north, where they discovered another island. They were fourteen days absent, and we have heard made many curious observations on the forms of the hills and mountains of this island, collecting with all very extensive specimens of all its vegetable, animal, and mineral productions. The remains of an enormous whale, were found far inland, and a few huts in-

timating the presence of man, were discovered by some of the party. Vegetation had now become active; and sorrel was found in such quantities as to remove all those symptoms of scurvy which had begun to make their appearance among the crew. The ice in Winter Harbour, was also beginning to dissolve rapidly, and by the end of July, it had quite disappeared. Yet the ships were still blocked up by the exterior ice. It was not till the 30th, that the outside ice began to crack; on the 31st of July, it moved off very gently, and released the crews from their winter prison, where they had been shut up three hundred and ten days.

On the 6th of August, they reached the western extremity of Melville Island, situated, we believe, in longitude 114 west, where the ice was found to be very thick and impermeable. From this island, new land was observed to the southwest, estimated to be twenty leagues distant; so that they may be said to have seen land as far west as longitude 118. Many attempts were made to reach this interesting *terra incognita*, but in vain; and the commander, and his admirable crew, were with feelings of the deepest regret, forced to return, owing to the vast barriers of ice.

Having failed in this attempt to reach the southwestern land, and the winter again approaching, the vessels now sailed directly eastward through the polar sea and Barrow's Straits, into Sir James Lancaster's Sound, and thence into Baffin's Bay, and the usual track homewards.

In their progress among the islands, the officers shot a few reindeer, ptarmigan, partridge and hares; and the howls of the wolf were heard frequently in Melville Island. Several musk oxen were killed; and we are informed the crews considered it, after being properly macerated to get rid of the musky flavour, as preferable eating to that of the reindeer. One of the sailors who had ventured beyond his companions, in search of reindeer, returned to the ship with all his fingers frostbitten, from carrying his musket too long. When the fingers were plunged into cold water, ice was formed on its surface, and this continued to be the case for half an hour afterwards, as often as the fingers were plunged into it. The sailor lost five of his fingers.

From Lancaster Sound, to Melville Island, the compass, we understand, was found to be totally useless, a circumstance which left to the commanders no other guides than the heavenly bodies, and the trend of the land, thus at once presenting the striking spectacle of modern navigators tracking the ocean without the compass, as was done by the mariners of old. We cannot indeed conceive a more striking scene than that of our discovery ships forcing their solitary course through unknown regions, surrounded with rugged, dreary, and desolate wastes in the midst of the most appalling dangers, and deprived of the use of the compass.

The Hecla, was forced into Leith Roads

by stress of weather, a circumstance which afforded us an opportunity of conversing with the officers, and of furnishing our readers from the recollection of their most interesting conversations with this narrative, which although very brief, will be found we venture to say, not inaccurate.

From the preceding narrative and other details in our possession it appears,

1. That captain Parry has discovered an opening into the Arctic Ocean from Baffin's Bay.

2. That continuous land extends along the north side of Sir James Lancaster's Sound and Barrow's Strait to long. 93° W. and that beyond this onward to Melville Island, the land appears not continuous but broken into islands; while on the south side of Sir James Lancaster's Sound and Barrow's Straits, in a westerly direction to *Prince Regent's* inlet, the land is continuous; beyond this inlet, land extends for a considerable way to the west, when it is succeeded by ice, and this extends onward to the lofty mountainous land, seen to the southwest of Melville Island.

3. That the land seen to the northward, extending from Barrow's Strait and Melville Island, appears to be a group of islands; that the land on the north side of Barrow's Strait, named by captain Parry, *North Devon*, is probably an island, being separated from West Greenland by some of the Sounds, at the top of Baffin's Bay, and that probably West Greenland itself may prove to be a great island separated from the islands in the line we have just mentioned, by some of the openings at the head of Baffin's Bay.

4. Further, that the land observed to the south of the last and west line, we have mentioned, or of Barrow's Straits, is the coast of islands skirting the north coast of America, or that some of the masses of land may be projecting points of the great American Continent.

5. Finally, that in all probability the land extending from Prince Regent's inlet through Barrow's Straits and Lancaster's Sound, along the west coast of Baffin's Bay and Davis's Straits to Cape of God's Mercy, and from this point through the great inlet at the head of Hudson's Bay, or through Cumberland Strait, may be a great island, whose western boundary may be in a line drawn from Foxe's Farthest to Prince Regent's inlet.

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the last number of Moore's National Melodies.]

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more;
In vain I try with livelier air
To wake the breathing string,
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.
Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own,
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone:

Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out when last they were wanted by,
Were still upon thy strings.

—
From the same.

Oh! no, not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turned to reason's vow,
And tho' I then might love thee more,
Trust me I love thee better now.

Although my heart in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me it has gained in truth,
Much more than that it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
What then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet, Oh! I love thee better now.

—
[From the last number of Irish Melodies.]

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,

Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again;

And Oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of life he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star,
Which arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,—

To feel the bright presence and turn him with shame

From the idols he darkly had knelt to before:
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;

And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly
would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,

He but turned to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.

As the Priests of the Sun when their altar grew dim,

At the day beam alone could its lustre repair,
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

—
From the same.

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart

It shall never forget thee all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,

Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,

First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,

But Oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?
No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,

But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,

Whose hearts like the young of the desert-bird's
nest,
Drink love in each life drop that flows from thy
breast.

From the same.

When'er I see those smiling eyes,
All filled with hope and joy and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a heaven so purely bright,
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its ev'ry ray,
And that light heart so joyous now
Almost forget it once was gay.
For time will come with all her blights,
The ruined hope,—the friend unkind—
And love who leaves where'er he lights
A chilled or burning heart behind!
And youth, that like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

From a new volume of 'Poems, by one of a Family Circle.'

'The next poem which we shall extract, is in a very different tone. The motto of it is '*Si deservis pereat*,' the description which it contains of a young woman who is supposed to have died broken-hearted, is touched in many parts with uncommon tenderness."—*British Critic for Dec.*

'He seemed to love her, and her youthful cheek
Wore for a while the transient bloom of joy;
And her heart throbb'd with hopes she could
not speak,
New to delight, and mute in ecstasy.
He won that heart in its simplicity,
All undisguised in its young tenderness;
And smiling, saw that he, and only he
Had power at once to wound it or to bless.

She gave to him her innocent affection,
And the warm feelings of her guileless heart;
And from the storms of life she sought protection,
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest:
In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,
And joyously she hailed her coming years:
For well she knew that even if distrest,
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

He left her—and in trouble she awoke
From her young dream of bliss; but murmur-
ed not

Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke
To any one upon her cruel lot.
You would have deemed that he had been forgot,
Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke;
But in her cheek there was one hectic spot,
'Twas little,—but it told her heart was broke.

And deeper and more deep the painful flush
Daily became; yet all distress seem'd o'er,
Save when the life-blood gave a sudden rush
Then trembled into silence as before.
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,
She bowed her head in quietness,—she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more;
Yet was she calm, for she had Heaven in
view.

She loved and she forgave him—and in dying
She asked a blessing on his future years;
And so she went to sleep; meekly relying
Upon that power which shall efface all tears.

Her simple turf the young spring flow'ret wears,
And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb;
And when the storm its simple blossom tears
It bows its head—an emblem of her doom?

NOTICES OF LITERATURE, &c.

From the *English Dec. Magazines.*

The Rev. Mr. Maturin, well known in the literary world, as the author of the tragedy of *Bertram*, and a novel, called *Woman*, has just presented to the public, a new work; it is called *Melmoth, a Romance* in four volumes. To examine this work with too keen an eye, would not be just, after the confession which the author has made in the preface, that he has been driven to this style of composition, by necessity, and not from choice. This is certainly to be lamented; as Mr. Maturin is a man of considerable powers, and as those powers, unluckily, are not fitted for the course which he is compelled to pursue. *Melmoth*, is evidently written to suit the prevailing taste for strong excitement. The public are fond of high-seasoned food, and Mr. Maturin, has endeavoured to prepare a relish for them, that might even suit an East Indian palate. The tale is not pleasing—it has no consistency—and its extraordinary horrors sometimes cause a smile on our lips, rather than a shudder at our hearts. The Spanish episode has too many letters.—We are not over nice, yet there are some passages which do not appear suitable to the pen of a clergyman, even though he be turned romance writer.

Monthly Magazine.

Literary Chit Chat. We have elsewhere mentioned that captain Parry's Voyage may be expected to be published in about a month. Mr. Murray has not, that we have seen, announced his other works for the season; but report speaks highly of several which he has in the press. Among those mentioned to us in the literary circles besides religion, are Walpole's *History of his Own Times*, and the anecdotes of the late king, by the earl of Waldegrave, both of which naturally excite great expectation. Mr. Colburn has advertised *Lady Morgan's Italy*, from which a good deal of entertainment is expected. The correspondence of Charles Talbot, duke of Shrewsbury, edited by Archdeacon Cox, is also announced. Mr. Maturin has, we hear, got sermons, novels and plays, all forth or forthcoming. Two or three satirical novels are about to appear. The

author of the successful novel of the *Mystery*, is again ready. Mr. Godwin has taken up the cudgels against Mr. Malthus.

The Edinburgh peers is very still at present; we have heard of nothing but Kennelworth.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

The 'Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society,' are thus noticed in the *London Literary Gazette*:

'In our last and present number, we have indulged freely in the illustration of an American work, (Knickerbocker) of very considerable attractions, and which has made some noise on both sides of the ocean. We now take up another performance of the same country, with which we do not think the British public has much, if any acquaintance.

This volume, besides an official account of the institution, whence it emanates, and of sundry particulars connected therewith, contains several papers of general interest, and as we conceive, of considerable curiosity for English readers. The principal are, 'The History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania,' &c. by the Rev. John Heckewelder, and two papers on the language of the American Indians, and of the Lenni Lenape, by that gentleman and a Mr. Duponceau, the corresponding secretary of the Society. It is to the former that we shall chiefly direct attention; but it may be expedient, in setting out, to say something respecting the Historical and Literary committee itself.

Of this committee, which is indefinite in number, a list of 32 members is given; William Tilghman is the chairman; and among the members, we observe the names of Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Logan, the grand-son of William Penn's secretary, and Nicholas (we fancy captain) Biddle. It is a new, and the 7th branch of the American Philosophical Society; its object is to form a collection of annual records and maps, Indian treaties, &c. calculated to throw a light on American, and especially Pennsylvania history; to obtain correct topographical, antiquarian, and statistical information, and to publish the same, when advisable. The work, now before us, is the first result; and Mr. Heckewelder's account of the Indian nations, (to which we now turn) its first, and most generally interesting ingredient.'

Cure for Fever. We learn from the 7th number of the *Isis*, that the good effects of the newly discovered remedy, the *chinininha*, or *unnona febrifuga* in fevers, and especially intermittent fevers, have been fully confirmed by the experiments, not only of the physicians appointed for the purpose, by the Royal Medical Society at Madrid, but also of others. The powder, given in doses of one scruple to half a dram every three hours, has checked the fever, and wholly cured intermittents of some months' standing; which had resisted the Peruvian bark, and other approved remedies. It is added, that the only genuine *chinininha* root, is to be had of Dr. Anthony Ring, apothecary at Madrid, in the street Meson de Parades; and the public are warned of adulterations which have taken place in other expensive medicines discovered by Dr. A. Ring, and Dr. Joseph Pavor, botanists, with the expedition in Peru, and Chili, in South America.—*ibid.*

We are requested to say that Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the *Sketch Book*, and of *Knickerbocker's History*, is not, as advertised, the writer of the poem entitled the *Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*. That piece is well known in America, to be the production of Mr. Paulding, of Washington City.

The *Life of General Carnot*, written by himself, has just been published at Halberstadt.—*ibid.*

A few days ago, a woodman engaged in splitting timber for rail posts, in the woods close by the lake at Haunry, a seat of Mr. Pringle, in Selkirkshire, discovered in the centre of a large wild cherry-tree, a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which through fear, he foolishly suffered to escape, being fully persuaded (with the characteristic superstition of the inhabitants of that part of the country) that it was a "being, not of this world." The tree presents a small cavity in the centre, where the bat was enclosed, but is perfectly sound and solid on each side.—*ibid.*

Mr. Brougham, attorney general to the queen of England.—This acute, learned, and eloquent advocate, who may, perhaps, in a few years become lord Chancellor, is a mean looking figure, as lean as a broomstick, yellow and fallen away, with a flat nose, a wide mouth, and unpleasing contours; but he has large sparkling eyes, which flash fire, and as soon as he begins to

speak, his countenance is lighted up with a degree of animation, understanding, and self-possession, the effect of which, is not weakened by a bad habit (perhaps a nervous affection) of every moment stretching the nostrils, distorting the closed mouth on both sides, and at the same time, winking with the eyes. The charm of his eloquence is irresistible to an unprejudiced person, and there is in his manner, something which the English call *gentlemanlike*, by which he is favourably distinguished from the violent fury of his colleague, Mr. Denman, the queen's solicitor general, who with a terrible bass voice, roars in the hall, at the same time, thumping on the bar.—*ibid.*

Recent British Publications.

Belzoni's Narrative of his Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, &c. in Egypt and Nubia, with 44 coloured plates.

Sermons. by the Rev. C. Bradley, 2 vols.

The feuds of Lura and Perollo, or the Fortunes of the House of Pandolphina, an historic tale of the 16th century.

Observations on our Lord's conduct as a divine instructor, and on the excellence of his moral character. By the late archbishop Newcome.

The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746—containing the cause of the Pretender's defeat at Culloden, and a variety of anecdotes hitherto unknown; by Chevalie Johnstone, Aid du Camp to Prince Edward Charles Stuart, &c.

British Publications Announced.

The general history of the *House of Guelph*, or Royal Family of England, from the first records of the house to the accession of George the First.

A Description of the Manners, &c. of the people of Dalmatia, Illyria, and the adjacent countries, in two pocket volumes, with 24 plates.

A Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples in 1818—by the Hon. R. K. Craven, 4to. with plates.

Olympia, or Typographic Illustrations of the actual state of Olympia and the city of Ephesus; by J. S. Stanhope, F. R. S. folio.

A Defence of the Hebrew Scriptures, occasioned by the recent Strictures and Innovations of Mr. J. Belamy; by H. Humity.

Sicilian Scenery, engraved from drawings, by Mr. Dewist, from original sketches, &c.

German Scenery, consisting chiefly of Views in Vienna and on the Danube, &c.

Italian Scenery, engraved from the original drawings of Miss Batty; Second edition.

London, or Views of the Capital, from

drawings made by Turner, Culcotte, Westall, Nash, and M'Kenzie.

Cathedral Antiquities of France; part first.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, from pictures painted by Smirke; to be comprised in 37 numbers, each containing five engravings.

Galerie de Florence et du Palais Pitti; 49 and 50th numbers.

Military Costume of Europe, drawn from Nature, &c. in 3 numbers.

Roman Costume; 2d edition, drawn by Penilth; in 4 numbers.

VARIETIES.

SELF-FLATTERY.

Men who flatter themselves by talking of their own virtues, their value their talents, &c. may be justly called the parrots of society, for their usual language is the same. Pretty pretty Poll, scratch my head, &c. Rich men can buy praises and have scratching in abundance for their money; but poor wits and scholars must "flatter themselves"—a thing they are all very apt to do, and even in sweet dedications to their patrons their beginning generally is, "I flatter myself that your lordship," &c.

OLD MEN.

I never knew an old man differ very widely from the essential parts of his youthful character. Naturalists observe that the grand characteristics of all trees are to be discovered in their germs by the use of microscopes. The same close and minute observations of the boy will portray the future man—

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Dryden.

THE FOUR ERAS OF LIFE.

Children think from timidity, young persons with vivacity, middle-aged persons with solidity and old men with inefficacy, if at all. Thus the spring produces buds, the summer blossoms, the autumn fruit, and the winter nothing at all.

SINGULAR ABUSE.

And play thy God an engine on their foc.

Pope.

Men are very apt to abuse the religious opinions of those with whom they chance to have any use. I remember a man who underwent a *dry* beating from his adversary, and called him an Anabaptist rascal ever afterwards. Would it not have been more appositively said, if he had suffered a *ducking* from him?

FALSETTO.

Some women affect tones of excessive softness mixed with a good deal of what is called a whine. These often prove great scolds and tyrants to their husbands and children. Some naturalists tell us that the hyæna and the crocodile absolutely shed tears when they whine over the dying carcases that they are then preying upon. Perhaps shedding tears may be an addition, and the noise they make resemble the falsetto abovementioned.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

The strong analogy between these, which appeal to the two different faculties of seeing and hearing, is yet very manifest. Some German pieces of music which introduce a deep and growling base in order to set off a gay air, remind us of a picture of Rembrandt, where a small light peeping out of broad shadows of surrounding darkness, brings to view a little old woman spying by a small window in a large room.

Percy Anecdotes.

Ten very amusing volumes have already been published in London, under the above title, and the series is not yet ended. Each volume or number, is devoted to anecdotes illustrative of a particular virtue, &c. as, 'Heroism, Justice,' &c. The following selections are made from the volume intitled, 'Science.' The eleventh No. containing 'Anecdotes of the Imagination,' may be expected daily. We shall select from it also, whatever is entertaining for the pages of this Gazette.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

Although nothing like the true system of natural philosophy was known to the ancients, on account of their utter inattention to experiment, there are nevertheless to be found in their writings many brilliant conceptions, several fortunate conjectures, and gleams of the light which was afterwards to be so generally diffused.

Anaxagoras, for example, who thought that the sun was a red hot iron, as large as the Peloponnesus, taught at the same time the just doctrine, that the moon shines by light borrowed from the sun; and was led to that opinion not only from the phases of the moon, but from its light being weak, and unaccompanied by heat.

Democritus, who maintained that the sun and the moon are bodies no larger than they appear to us to be, supposed correctly, though very inconsistently, that the spots on the face of the moon arise from the inequalities of the surface, and from the shadows of the more elevated parts projected on the plains. Every one knows how conformable this is to the discoveries since made by the telescope.

The same philosopher was still more fortunate in another conjecture. He taught, that the milky way is the light of a great number of small stars, very close to one another; a magnificent conception, which the latest improvements of the telescope have fully verified.

Plutarch, whose ideas were encumbered with fewer absurdities than most of the ancient philosophers, considers the velocity of the moon's motion as the cause which prevents that body from falling to the earth, just as the motion of a stone in a sling prevents it from falling to the ground—a comparison which clearly implied the notion of centrifugal force.

All such conjectures however, were the mere speculations of ingenious minds, wandering through the regions of possibility, guided by no evidence, and having no principles which could give stability to their opinions. The foundation which they might have laid for a just and complete system, were laid without effect: the era of experiment and observation, without which nothing real in physics is to be acquired, was yet many centuries distant.

DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

"As some merchants," says Pliny, "were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find stones to rest their kettles on, they used for this purpose some of these pieces of nitre. The fire which gradually dissolved the nitre, and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which in fact, was nothing less than glass."

In the reign of Tiberius, according to the same author, a Roman artist had his house demolished; or, as Petronius Arbitrator and others affirm, lost his head for making maleable glass.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

Hiero, King of Syracuse, who reigned in the fifth century, having furnished a workman with a quantity of gold for making a crown, suspected that he had been cheated, and that the workman had used a greater alloy of silver than was necessary in the manufacture of it; he therefore, applied to Archimedes for a detection of the fraud. This celebrated mathematician was led by chance to a method of detecting the imposture, and of determining precisely the quantities of gold and silver of which the crown was composed. Whilst he was bathing in a tub of cold water, he observed that as he immersed his body in it, the water ran out, and he immediately concluded, that, supposing the tub full, the water which ran out when his whole body was immersed, was equal in bulk to his body. Archimedes was so pleased with the discovery, as to run about the streets, exclaiming, "I have found it!" Others affirm, that he offered a hecatomb to Jupiter for having inspired him with the thought.

The principle having thus suggested itself to Archimedes, he procured a ball of gold, and another of silver, exactly of the same weight as the crown, considering that if the crown were altogether either of gold or silver, the balls of gold or silver would be of the same bulk, and consequently when immersed in water, would raise it just as high as the crown would if immersed. And if on the contrary the crown was of gold and silver mixed in a certain proportion, this proportion would be discovered by the height to which the crown would raise the water, higher than the gold ball, or lower than the silver ball.

DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES.

When Syracuse was taken, Archimedes was describing mathematical figures upon the earth, and was so intent upon them both with his eye and mind, that when one of the enemy came upon him, sword

in hand, and asked him who he was, Archimedes was so engrossed with the desire of preserving the figures entire, that he answered only by an earnest request to the soldier to keep off, and not break in upon his circle. The soldier conceiving himself scorned, ran Archimedes through the body, the purple streams gushing from which, soon obscured all traces of the problem on which he had been so intent. Thus did this great man lose his life, from neglecting to tell his name; for it is due to the Roman general, Marcellus, to state, that he had given special orders to his men to respect the life and person of the philosopher.

FIRE FROM HEAVEN.

It appears clearly from Herodotus, that the ancients possessed a knowledge of the power of attracting lightning with pointed instruments made of iron. He informs us, that the Thracians disarmed heaven of its thunder bolts, by discharging arrows into the air; and the Hyperboreans in the like manner, by darting into the clouds, pikes headed with pieces of sharp pointed iron.

Pliny speaks of a process by which Porsenna caused fire from the heavens to fall upon a monster which ravaged the country. He mentions also, that Numa Pompilius and Tullius Hostilius practised certain mysterious rites to call down the fire from heaven. What these mysterious rites were, it is not worth inquiring; the simple fact which was concealed under them is sufficiently manifest. Tullius, because he omitted some prescribed ceremonies, is said to have been himself struck with the thunder.

PRIZE OF IMMORTALITY.

On its being once remarked to Zeuxis, that he was very long in finishing his works, he replied, "I am indeed a long time in finishing my works, but what I paint is for eternity."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The article signed X. is inadmissible. We shall always be glad to receive communications on subjects connected with literature or science, but local politics are entirely out of our line.

We have received No. 68, (for Nov.) of the Edinburgh Review, and the New Monthly Magazine for January, 1821, which we perceive is now edited by Campbell, the celebrated poet, and contains some interesting articles from his pen. Extracts from these Journals will be given in our next.

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